A

LOYAL TEAR

Dropt on the

VAULT

OF THE

High and Mighty PRINCE

CHARLES II.

Of Glorious and Happy Memory.

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2 Chron. 35. 24.

—And all Judah and Jeruſalem mourned for Joſiah.

By *HENRY ANDERSON*, M.A. Vicar of *Kingſumborne* in *Hampſhire.*

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
AND
RIGHT REVEREND
FATHER in GOD,
PETER
Lord BISHOP of *WINTON*,
AND
PRELATE of the *GARTER*.

MY LORD,

THE *actings of Providence are no less various than unsearchable, and it is both a pleasant and pious Employment to observe and meditate on Gods miraculous proceedings with Mankind. For Providential Dispensations are discoveries of the Wisdom and Goodness of God in disposing of the conditions of his People, whereby they may best glorifie him in whatever befalls them in this Temporal Life; because a true Christi-*

an does as seriously study the Celestial Sphere and occurrences of Divine Providence, as others do the Terrestrial Globe of this Corruptible Earth. And since it has pleased Almighty God to speak to this Nation and Kingdom by the Messenger of Death, in taking to his infinite Mercy our late Gracious Soveraign King Charles, *it must be acknowledg'd the bounty of a Divine Hand, and we are bound to adore the Wisdom and Benignity of Heaven, as S.* Hierom *suggested to* Paula *concerning the Death of* Blæsilla, *whatsoever a good God doth, cannot be bad; therefore we must submit to the Divine Providence in translating that blessed Prince to a more glorious station, to a Kingdom that cannot be shaken, which is above all possibility of decay, being incorruptible, and fades not away, Eternal in the Heavens. Though the gain be his, yet the loss is ours; for when a good Prince dies, a general damp and consternation seises the hearts of all Loyal Subjects, because publick Calamity charges every Man with a rate of sorrow proportionable to the tenure of his understanding; and the Memory of his late Majesty may justly oblige all his People to an excess of Tears as a signal of grief, and Your Lordship comes in as a Chief Mourner, who has had the Emanations of his Royal Favour, which incourages my confidence to implore Your Lordships Patronage: whereunto if you will vouchsafe to give the least approbation, I shall not despair of the more favourable Censures of others; and therefore it intreats Your Candid Interpretation and*

Acceptance

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Acceptance of theſe Dedicatory Lines, *as a ſincere Teſtimony of my Duty. And that Your Lordſhip would be pleaſed to place me in the number of thoſe that honour Your true Worth, not only as to Epiſcopal Juriſdiction inſpecting the* Flock, over which the Holy Ghoſt hath made You Overſeer, *but alſo to Your Bounty and Liberality, which ſounds as far as your Name, and diſplays the Enſign of Your Dignity, worthy of double Honour: for Your Generous and Brave Mind, all muſt needs acknowledge and pay You Homage and Obeiſance, as* Joſeph's *Brethren did to him, with the greateſt Veneration; in which reſpect (my moſt honoured Dioceſan) I am no leſs than*

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient Son,

and humble Servant,

HENRY ANDERSON.

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CHARLES II.

THE frequent Objects of Mortality, even of the greateſt Monarchs, daily preſented before our Eyes, ſhould make us carefully to manage the moments of our Mortal Life, *Walking circumſpectly, not as Fools, but as Wiſe,* ἐξαγοραζόμενοι τὸν καιρὸν, *redeeming the time,* becauſe it is enacted by the Statute Law of Heaven, *ſemel mori*, and written indelibly in the Duſt, That all muſt Dye. If *Adam* had ſtood in his Primitive Glory, and not fell from his Original Purity in the ſtate of Innocency, we had not known what Death or Miſery had meant, but continued a piece of Immortality to this very Day.

Gen. 3.19. Day: but *Adam* in an inſtant after he had ſinned became Mortal, no ſooner Sin entred into his Soul, but mortality and corruption immediately entered into his Body; then the parcels of Duſt that were bound together by the bond of innocency, were ſhaken looſe by the groſſer ſpots of Sin our firſt Parents diſobedience contracted, and involv'd their Poſterity in a Labyrinth of Miſeries, and our Miſery is not of yeſterday, but as antient as the firſt Criminal, and our perplexities almoſt coæval with Gen. 2.17. Humane Nature. *The Day thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt ſurely Dye, viz.* thou ſhalt be guilty of Death, and thy Body ſhall that very hour become Mortal, ſubject to infinite number of Chances, Diſeaſes, and Old Age, continually decaying unto the laſt Deſtruction of this Bodily Maſs, languiſhing to its fatal period, and haſtening to the dark Cells of the Grave, which are the κοιμητηρια, dormitories and ſleeping Places of the Dead, till the joyful Morning of the Reſurrection. Death inſults over the frailties of Mankind, for all the Tombs and Charnels of the World are but ſo many Monuments of Deaths Conqueſts, and the inſtability of Humane Greatneſs, how all things on this ſide Heaven are fleeting and tranſitory. If I ſhould procure you a Painter to pencil Death, he would ſhew you a grim Anatomy, with a lean Body, a pale Face, and a wann Countenance, *&c.* That which hath devoured the World ſo many times over (like *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine) is as lean as ever. The Bell ſtill toles for the voluptuous Epicure; and the Earth, that inſatiable Grave, longs for his corpulent Body to feaſt Worms. The ſwift motion of the Heavens roles up the thread of our Lives, and the fleet Horſe on which Death runs is ſtill poſting after us. Crowns nor Scepters can't ſecure from the Artillery of Death. There is no confidence to be placed in Humane Proſperity; for neither Kingdom, Empire, nor any Greatneſs whatſoever can

ſecure

ſecure their owners from ruine. Behold *Andronicus* cloathed in Purple, adored by Nations, commanding the Eaſt, his Temples enriched with a Royal Diadem, the Imperial Scepter in his Hands, and his very Shoes ſtudded with Oriental Gemms, yet pays his Life as Tribute to Death: ſo that the Majeſty of the greateſt Monarchs are ſubject to periſh. Think upon this ſeriouſly, that the Gates of Death are ever open, and the Enemy lies continually in ambuſh to aſſault us; nay, there is not a Vein, or Artery, but is a Room in Natures Work-houſe, wherein our humours (as ſo many *Cyclops*'s) are forging thoſe Inſtruments of Mortality, and in an inſtant hurry us into our Graves. Every Day, Hour, and Moment, wears away a part of our Life, and ſo much as is already ſpent, ſo far we are already Dead. So that the longeſt liver (as the Antediluvian Patriarchs witneſs) is no more but only longer a dying than others. *It is appointed*, ſaith the Apoſtle, τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, *unto Men once to dye, but after this to Judgment*, where they ſhall receive for the *deeds of the Body, whether it be good or evil. They that have done good to the reſurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto eternal damnation.* This proclaims our happineſs or miſery, and as it tells the danger, ſo in all reaſon it ſhould awaken our care: but Heaven and Hell are *Utopia*'s in conceit, ſaith the Atheiſt, and no where exiſt but in melancholy diſtemper'd Brains. The joys of the one promiſed to a virtuous and holy Life are only pleaſant Fancies, and torments of the other denounced againſt Vice and Impiety but fearful Dreams. Our Saviour, who knows it beſt, hath deſcribed unto us the management of the whole affair, and the different Portions of the good and bad. *When the ſon of man*, ſaith St *Matthew, ſhall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him; all nations ſhall be gathered before his throne, and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as a ſhepherd divideth*

Gen. 5.
Heb. 9. 27.
Eccl. 12. 14.
Matt. 25. 31. 32.

divideth his ſheep from the goats. To the good the King
Ib. 34. ſhall ſay, *Come ye bleſſed*; a Benediction far ſurpaſſing that of the old Patriarchs, and putting down the dew of *Hermon*, which diſperſed it ſelf over the Mountain of *Sion*. Here thou ſhalt dwell for ever in a Land flowing with Milk and Honey of Divine Bleſſing, abounding with the Bread of Angels and Heavenly Manna, freed from all Captivity by the preſence of our Lord. But unto
41. the Wicked, *Go ye curſed into everlaſting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* Be gone thou curſed Fig-Tree, thou art not worthy to take Root in bleſſed Earth, to have any place in the Garden of my delight; and they are not only eternally exiled from the Glorious Reſidence of Heaven, but their Doom is ſealed up to infernal Flames, delivered over into the power of the Dragon, without all hopes of eſcaping from him, who will ſeize upon their Souls, and carry them to the Abyſs of Hell, there to be tormented for ever. *And theſe ſhall go,* ſaith
Matt. 25. 46. the Evangeliſt, *into everlaſting puniſhment, but the righte-*
Dan. 12. 2. *ous into life eternal.* Men being adjudged rewards and puniſhments in a future ſtate or life to come, ſutable to their actions in this World, was a general reſentment among the Heathens, as *Juſtin Martyr* truly tells the Greeks in his Oration to them, That not only the Prophets, and other Divine Perſons of the Old Teſtament, but alſo thoſe that were accounted wiſe among the Heathens, both Poets and Philoſophers, did acknowledge a Judgment to come after Death. If the thoughts of the Worlds laſt Day, filled St *Hierom's* Heart with ſuch a dread as made him loſe both his food and repoſe, becauſe the voice of the Arch-Angels Trumpet ſounded inceſſantly in his imagination, *ſurgite mortui, & venite ad judicium,* Ariſe ye Dead, and come to Judgment: What weight ſhould that Eternal Doom have in all our Hearts, that ſhall crown the Juſt with Glory and Immortality, but involve

involve the Wicked in quenchleſs flames. Death is φοβερῶν φοβερώτατον, ſaid an Heathen Philoſopher, which in *Job*'s Language may be rendered, the *King of Terrors.* 18. 14. Nature ſhrinks when we ſee the pale-horſe of Death approaching. It is a ſharp corroſive to moſt Men and Women in the World, when they think of the ſeparation of theſe dear Companions, the Soul and Body, the two conſtitutive parts of Man. *His breath goeth forth*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt, there is the egreſs of the one; and he returns to his Earth, there is the regreſs of the other; the one is verified *in ipſo articulo mortis*, in the very point of Death; the other is moſt evident *in ſepultura corporis*, at the time of Burial: they *have ſlept their ſleeep*, and all the Men whoſe *hands were mighty have found nothing.* The Life of Man is but of little value, and all his Honour but contemptible, becauſe Mortality is the diſgrace of all ſublunary things. With *David*, the *Pſalmiſt Royal*, I may call *him a vain ſhadow*; and with the Holy Prophet, leſs than nothing, and altogether lighter than vanity it ſelf, were it nor for Eternity. Conſider now the Day is far ſpent, the Night is haſtning and ſpreading its wings over us, the Grave expects us and bids other Corps make room. Death is ready to graſp us in its cold Arms, and hale us to the dreadful Tribunal, and yet how little of our great Work is done; we burn away our precious Days, and miſerably waſt our light and Life; we exhauſt our ſtrength, and laviſh out our affections on fond Toys and Nothings, as if Eternity were to be expected here, and none hereafter. Is the blind and the lame a ſacrifice for the great God? ſhall we devote the flower of our Youth to Vanity and Folly? and can we think the Majeſty of Heaven will accept of the frozen and cold affections of decrepit Old Age? he may ſurely ſay, go to the Gods that ye have ſerv'd, therefore let us remember our Creator in the morning of our Youth, not Pſal. 146. 4. Eccl. 2.

conſuming our Days in Vanity, and Years in Folly, letting the delights and pleaſures of this World, ſteal away our Hearts and Affections from God our Maker, drawing us from true Happineſs. The young Man may rejoyce, but not ſo as to forget his Creator, and if they live many years and triumph in them all, yet let them conſider the days of darkneſs. It is not Crowns Imperial, nor Thrones, nor Diadems, that can eſcape the great Aſſize. The laſt judgment is ſuch a day, as neither Wiſdom, nor Riches, nor Honours can deliver them from it. The Minions of the world may brave it awhile as the only Favorites and Darlings of the age, they may ſwim in a ſtream of Gold, and tum-
Eccl. 11. 9. ble in Arabian Spices, *but know for all theſe things God will bring you into judgment:* therefore the vaſt concernments of an everlaſting ſtate requires the moſt ſerious thoughts and conſideration both of Prince and People. Every object ſhould read ſomething to our obſervation either of our own mortality, or excite us to piety and holineſs, that ſo by the memory of death we may learn to live in Gods holy fear, that we may die in his favour, and dwell in thoſe everlaſting habitations of glory and happineſs. The *Romans* of old did put a Sergeant in the triumphal chariot to keep the Conqueror amidſt all his triumphs within bounds of moderation and ſobriety of Spirit, by crying to him, *Memento te eſſe mortalem*, Remember thou art a mortal Man. *Philip* King of *Macedon* directed his Page to call at his chamber door with this morning Salutation, *Memento mori*, Remember death, and ſo put him in mind, that in the midſt of all enjoyments they are ſtill but Stewards, and know not how ſoon our Lord may ſummon us to appear at the great Audit. *Saladine* alſo the puiſſant Emperor of *Perſia*, who had extended the limits of his Empire by many victories and ſucceſsful battles, and being

in

in no pitched field ever vanquiſhed or overcome, at laſt falling mortally ſick, cauſed one of his chief Commanders to hang his Winding ſheet on a ſtaff, and to proclaim in the ſtreets of *Perſia*, This is all he can have of his many conqueſts, *niſi parva quod urna capit*, but what may ſuffice to bury him. The Jews likewiſe, who were of the greater and better ſort, had their Sepulchres in their Gardens, that in the midſt of their pleaſures they might be mindful of Death, and to be unto them as monitors of their mortality: So while we are contriving our profits and pleaſures, our employments and recreations, and ſharing out our lives among them, let us not forget how eaſily we may be cut off by the ſudden and ſurpriſing ſtroaks of death. *Fabius* the Roman Senator was ſuffocated with a hair in a little milk. Pope *Adrian* by a gnat flying into his mouth. *Anacreon* the Poet ſwallowed death in a grape. *Homer* alſo was murder'd by a fit of grief. And *Sophocles* died of an exceſs of joy. Death may poſſibly fly to us, as once to *Æſchylus* in an Eagles wing, or fall like *Pindarus* by our repoſe, or elſe we may be ſnapped in pieces by ſome ſad accident, and the thread of our Life worn away by a languiſhing Conſumption, and burnt aſunder by a violent Fever, benumm'd with Palſies, Lethargies, Epilepſies, Convulſions, and other innumerable diſeaſes, that cauſe the diſſolution of our earthly Tabernacle, and bring us into *Job*'s Lineage, *I have ſaid to the Grave thou art my houſe, to Corruption thou art my Father, Brother to the Worms, and Siſter to the Duſt.* If we contemplate the nature of things, we may ſee how nothing is without the Empire of death; the day dies into night, and the Summer into Winter; the life of to day is the death of yeſterday: we die dayly, and it is great ignorance to think the greateſt Potentates are exempt from the common ruine. Every little publick, or perſonal

Job 17. 14.

ſonal Croſs is a petty death, and a Harbenger ſent by that inſatiable enemy of humane nature to take poſſeſſion of his right. An Apoplexie in the Brain, an Inflammation or Quinſie in the Throat, a violent eruption or ſudden Riſing of the Lights, may quickly diſpatch us, and cauſe us in an inſtant to die and ſhut the great Gulph of Eternity, and Eternity at one draught ſwallows up the fluency of time, and is above the temporal conditions of paſt, preſent and to come. Man is a compound of jarring qualities, heat, cold, drought and moiſture, which are always wageing an inteſtine war within him, ſo that poor mortals are ſubject to deſolation every moment. For the truth of this, let us ſearch the Records of the Grave, there lies the rich and the poor, the wiſe and the fooliſh, the learned and unlearned, the Noble and Ignoble, even the rubbiſh of a thouſand generations heaped up one upon another. Our very Graves were once living, we dig through the veins of our Forefathers, and we muſt ſhortly become earth to bury our Poſterity, therefore let us learn the neceſſity of dying, for amongſt all Arts and Sciences whatſoever, there is none in compariſon, more beſeeming our Chriſtian care, than that which teaches us to live righteouſly and godly here, that afterwards we may live eternally when we depart hence, and be happy in the Regions of bliſs in the world to come. Life is a ſpot of time between two Eternities, and it is an act of the greateſt prudence to pray for Divine Arithmetick to number our days and apply our hearts to wiſdom, and contemplate with our ſelves of the uncertainty of life, that our hearts may be lifted up to deſire the Heavenly Inheritance. It is but a ſmall remnant of time we have to live, our Days are but a ſpan long, while we turn our ſelves, Immortality will be here. *Abraham* had not in the Land of *Canaan* any Ground of his own to dwell in, but only the Inheritance of a Sepulchre.

And

And this is that we may truly claim, for we are Sojourners as all our Fathers were in Houſes of Clay (as *Eliphaz* the *Temanite* fitly calls them) *whoſe foundation is in the duſt*, becauſe the claims of honour can give no priviledge from the Arreſts of the grim Serjeant Death. Job 4. 19.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumq; turres ——

If Majeſty or Greatneſs could have ſtaid the violent hands of Death, we had not condoled the Funeral Obſequies and mournful Solemnity of the *Royal Charles*; but as the Painter *Tymanthes* being to expreſs *Agamemnon*'s Grief, conceiv'd for the loſs of his Daughter *Iphigenia*, drew him with his Face covered over with a Vail, that Men might conceive that ſorrow which he could not expreſs: So in the rehearſal of our preſent ſufferings, who can expreſs that Grief of Heart the Engliſh Nation is plung'd in for the Death of the High and Mighty Prince *Charles* our moſt Dread Soveraign? who hath not a Vail caſt over their Face in token of a great dejection, paying the tribute of Sorrow to his Memory, which they owed of Love and Allegiance to his Perſon? Our Royal *Joſhua*, and all the Elders of our *Iſrael*, the King and Kingdom, put on Sable Colours as is fit for Mourners, all wearing the Blacks of Sadneſs, pouring forth their Souls into melting Accents, ſhewing it ſelf in Sobs and Sighs, and commenting on it with Tears for a forced Separation,

—— *quis talia fando*
Temperet à lachrymis.

In the fall of this Royal and Stately Cedar: for *as the Apple Tree among the Trees of the Wood, ſo was He among the Sons of Men.* Cant. 2. 3.

First,

First, The Apple-Tree as it is a good flouriſhing and beautiful Tree, and it doth not only bud and bloſſome, but bring forth Fruit: So this Royal Tree, that is cut down by the Axe of Death, whilſt it ſtood was beautiful and flouriſhing; His Converſe gave his Nobles a pattern of harmleſs and inoffenſive Mirth, a ſweetneſs and familiarity that at once gain'd Love and preſerv'd Reſpect in all his Subjects; a Nobility and Grandeur ſafe in its own Worth, not maintaining it ſelf by a moroſe diſtance, but comporting with the greateſt Majeſty: ſo that Gallantry and Bravery of Spirit and Deportment were the Buds of this Royal Tree; thus Virtue and Honour become Rivals, and Vice and Baſeneſs become extinct. Pure Oyl cannot mingle with Water, nor the extracted quinteſſence of true Nobleneſs with the dregs of unworthineſs; and ſo Clemency, ſweetneſs of Nature, and candor of Diſpoſition, were the buds and bloſſoms of this *Royal Tree.*

Tam bene conveniunt, & in una ſede morantur
Majeſtas & Amor——.

He fetter'd them with Goodneſs, this Chain's ſtronger
Than that made out of Braſs, and doth laſt longer.
This is a double Conqueſt, which doth bind
The Soul in Chains, and captivate the Mind.

Thus was he a mighty Sovereign in the hearts of his People, ruling all his Dominions with the Scepter of his Clemency and Tenderneſs, which is the moſt amiable thing to Mankind. And who is it that can diſparage that commendable ornament of civil and decent demeanour, it being congruous to the ſimplicity of the Goſpel, which aggrandizes the renown of this mighty Monarch to the moſt wiſe, and perpetuates his worth with the remembrance

brance of honour. Theſe qualifications meeting with a brave and aſpiring mind conquer'd men, and killed envy with the Majeſty of a look,

—— and with a gentle glance
Could pierce more hearts than e're the ſpear or lance:
Affections were his Rents whoſe wiſdom knew
How to diſarm whole troops, how to ſubdue
Proud Forts, to make ſtrong Bulwarks yield and move,
And in an inſtant on his Subjects Love
T' erect new Trophees where his name ſhall dwell
Guarded from malice and each Furies ſpell.

O think what a Potent Oratory there is in Princely Clemency! Who would not be captivated by ſo ſweet a Conquerour? Who would not be melted in ſo delicate a Flame? What Heart would not entertain ſo pleaſant an Arrow? It ſtruck through the Hearts of all his Liege People; and they as faithful Subjects returned the ſtreams of Loyalty and Love, Duty and Obedience unto the Ocean whence it flow'd. Clemency and Tenderneſs in Princes, does not only caſt a Glorious Luſtre round about, attract the Eyes and Hearts of others, but it alſo reflects with chearful and comfortable Gleams on Majeſty it ſelf: for Man being deſigned by God for a ſociable Creature, hath ſuch propenſions and inclinations as are proper to that end; and theſe are gratified and pleaſed, when they ſo demean themſelves as may anſwer that intention. *Mercy and truth*, ſaith the Royal Philoſopher, *preſerve the King, and his throne is eſtabliſhed by mercy.* Prov. 20. 28. It is the ſplendid Diadem of the Crown of Heaven; and therefore the greateſt Glory of Temporal Soveraignty. It is the *Goats Milk* of mild Mercy, not the *hard ſtroak of the Hammer*, that diſſolves the *Adamantine Heart*. It is the warm ſparks of Charity and Love, not the froſt of

a frowning Brow, that makes the Icy obdurate Conscience to *melt* and *drop* into Tears. It was the soft still Voice, not the Whirl-wind and Earth-quake, that caused *Elias to cover his face with his mantle*; therefore this Pious Prince qualified all violent administrations and corrosive notions with the antidotes of Mercy: so that Clemency and Tenderness, Sweetness and Candor of Disposition were the Buds and Blossoms of this Royal Tree, while he reigned and flourished upon Earth; therefore it may be said of this Pious Prince, what the Son of *Sirach* did of *Judas Maccabeus*, *His memorial is and shall be blessed for ever.* It is true what Fame reported him, he was a most excellent Monarch, and the Life of the Deceased hangs on the File of Memory, and register'd in the remembrance of the Living; his Royal Accomplishments, like Bullion new coin'd, having the stamp of Majesty upon it, will be transmitted to Posterity and Generations to come.

Secondly, The Apple Tree has great variety, it is not an easie matter to reckon the several Apples of different taste: So neither can we the rare and singular Perfections, and Theological Graces, Excellencies and Endowments of this Pious Prince, all harmoniously mixt, which speaks great variety. Some indeed owe their innocence to their dulness and stupidity, and are not vitious, because not witty enough to be takingly and handsomly wicked; but here it is far otherwise, as will appear from the quickness of his Parts and Ingenuity, his Activity and Motion, Wisdom and Prudence meeting in him, with all other Virtues and Excellencies mutually embracing each other. And the Endowments of his Mind will give it a clear illustration, his Apprehension was quick and piercing, his Memory faithful and retentive, his Fancy sprightly and active, and his Judgment over-ruling them all; neither prejudicated by vulgar Opinions, nor easily co-

sen'd

ſen'd by varniſh'd and plauſible error. He was an Angel cloathed in Fleſh, a lawful Image of his Maker, a model of Heaven made up in Clay, a living Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, a Patron of Chriſtianity, and a moſt tender *Nurſing Father* of the Church and People of *England*. He was *Pater Patriæ*, Father of Gods *Iſrael*, and Defender of the Faith: for Religion, ſaith *Plato*, is the Bulwark of Laws and Authority, the Fountain of Juſtice and Fidelity, and all other Virtues. Religion is the Pillar on which the great Fabrick of the Microcoſm ſtandeth, and all Humane Societies, and Civil Aſſociations, are united by this Holy Cement in the Bands of Concord, Unity, and Love. The Nation in the Reign of this Pious Prince was inriched with all Regal Bleſſings, as doth illuſtriouſly appear in the Peace of his Kingdoms, the Serenity of his People, the Tranquillity of Publick Affairs, the growing Riches of his Subjects, and univerſal Happineſs of his Government both in Church and State ever ſince his Majeſties Happy Reſtauration, which we have peaceably injoyed many Years, and owe the Happineſs of it (under God) to his Goodneſs and Conduct: his Majeſty therefore having done ſo much for his People, and purſued them with ſuch unparallell'd inſtances of Clemency and Tenderneſs, it now remains on us, not only to retain a grateful Memory, and Hearts full of Duty and Allegiance to his Heir and Succeſſor, but to bleſs God for ſetting ſo Gracious a King to Reign over us.

Carolus de Carolo erit major Carolo Magno.

The Meekneſs of *Moſes*, and Wiſdom of *Solomon*, the Affability of *David*, and Friendlineſs of *Jonathan*, the Liberality of the Emperour *Titus*, and Goodneſs of *Conſtantine*, all theſe lovely Qualities and Graces were reſplendent and ſhining in this Great and Mighty Monarch,

putting on Righteousness as a Garment, and Judgment like a Robe and a Diadem. And the King, who is the Supreme, is not like the Sun, which by his motion carryeth his light through his whole Circuit; but he is like the Sea, having all fulness in it self, sends from it self Fountains and Rivers to water all the Continent, where the Sea it self cannot come; which shews him a most Gracious Soveraign, and calls on the House of *David*, the House of *Nathan*, the House of *Levi*, and all the Elders of our *Israel*, and every Family, to the House of Mourning to bear a part of the sad Chorus of *England*'s Sorrow, weeping out Elegies and Lamentations for the Death of our good King of Blessed and Immortal Memory.

Thirdly, The Apple Tree is a most fruitful Tree. So this Royal Tree while he Reigned, Flourished upon Earth, brought forth his Fruit in Season; the Fruits of Piety and Holiness to God, long Suffering, Meekness, and Charity, or Tenderness to all his People.

1. His Piety. Religion is the fair Daughter of the Almighty, and that Immense Being has planted it in the Heart of Man, to direct us in our way to Heaven. It is the universal *Patrimony* which entitles us to be the Sons of God, and by which we are Adopted unto the assured Hope of Life and Immortality. It is the most Sacred Anchor which upholds Church and State; for without the knowledge and fear of a Deity, all things would run into disorder and Confusion; without an opinion of Providence to see and reckon with us, Might, Craft, and Falshood would sway alike with Men and Beasts, and the Conscience of good and Evil would be all one. Religion then is the *Loadstone* with which when our Souls are once touched, they are directed to the right Pole of the beatifical Vision, and without which we must infallibly expect to split against the Rocks of Eternal Perdition; therefore this Pious Prince did think it the greatest Character of his Glory to

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be truly Religious towards God, and to preſerve the Honour of the Divine Majeſty in his own Soul, becauſe in a pure Conſcience Gods Face is to be ſeen, and no where elſe on Earth. It is the Mountain of Transfiguration where we may ſee the Kingdom of God. This is the only Iſle *Patmos* where are the Viſions and Revelations of the Son of Man. It is the Garden God walks in. It is the Temple that the Holy Ghoſt dwells in, the Golden Pot, the hidden Manna is laid up in it. It is *Gideon's* Fleece which all the Dew of Heaven falls on; for he that hath a pure Heart, and clear Hands, waſhed not in Water but Innocency, may with Holy *David* compaſs Gods Altar; their Walks are in a Wood dropping Honey, their Dwellings on a Mountain of Myrrh, and Lodging on a Bed of Spices. We read in Holy Writ that the Sun and Moon ſpeak loud, their ſound is gone out into all the Earth; but yet a holy and virtuous Life ſpeaks louder, Pſal. 19. 1. the ſound of it is heard in Heaven, and cauſeth Joy among the Angels. The ſound of it alſo goes out to the Earth, and fills the Mouths of Men with Gladneſs and Rejoycing. It is the manifeſtation of Grace and Vertue, which makes the Lord to be admired in them who fear him. This opens every ones Eyes, and cauſes all to confeſs that God is in them of a Truth: practis'd Piety is the moſt perſwading Oratory to Piety and Godlineſs, and all Vertue. They who live in the unfruitful Works of Darkneſs diſhonour their Maker, it is only the Trees of Iſai. 61. 3. Righteouſneſs which Glorifie him: ſo ſaith our Saviour, *Herein is my Father glorified*, when you bring forth much John 25 8. Fruit. I need not mention *Abraham's* Faith, nor *Job's* Patience, *Elias's* Zeal, *David's* Uprightneſs, or *Moſes's* Meekneſs: theſe things are writ for our Learning; not only for our remembrance and ſpeculation, but for our practice alſo and imitation. Every Grace, and every Vertue of a Chriſtian, is a real Sermon to convince the

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World of its Impiety. The Pious Mans Devotions confute Atheistical Prophaneness. The Chast Mans Behaviour teaches the wanton Modesty, and the Sober Mans Carriage declaims against Excess, and bespeaks Sobriety to the Intemperate. The Meek Mans Conversation preaches Mercy to the furious Ones, and so it is the pious manifestation of Grace and Virtue for which Men bless God, and the abundant Grace bestowed on our late Gracious Soveraign, his admirable Courage, Piety, and Patience in the greatest Agony of his Sufferings, and with earnest Prayer and Supplication, desiring the dissolution of his Earthly Tabernacle, speaks him the most Christian King, and that Sanctity and Piety as Fruit did grow on this Royal Tree. These were the Principles of his Piety and Religion on which this Mighty Monarch served God, with *Fasting and Prayer* (like *Anna* the Propheteſs) *Night and Day in the Temple*, and with Fear and Reverence worshipped God in his Holy Sanctuary; therefore praise waiteth upon him in the Gate, for *the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, a good understanding have all they that do thereafter.* For the knowledge of God is the Philosophers Stone in Divinity, by it we may turn all events into Golden Advantages to our Souls. This is the Knowledge that speeds our passage to Eternal Glory, that is the shortest cut to Immortal Happiness; and the truest Honour is inveloped in this rich Mantle of Wisdom, in that it appears God himself is the Grand Teacher thereof. Our Wise *Solomon*, as a prudent *Deputy* under God, and a worthy Successor of a Blessed Father, served the God of his Father with a perfect Heart and a willing Mind, and performed all things in order *according to the commandment of* David *the man of God.* 2 Chron. 8. 14. And 'tis also the commendation of his late Majesty, as of other good Kings, *Asa*, *Jehosaphat*, *Hezekiah* and *Josiah*, that they did that which was right in the Eyes of the 2 Chr. 35. 24. Lord,

Lord, as did *David* their Father. Now as all *Judah* and *Jeruſalem* mourned for their good King *Joſiah*; ſhould not the tide of *Englands* ſorrow ſwell ſo high for *Britain's Joſiah*, King *Charles* the Second, ſeeing the parallel conſideration is as full of Equity, and transforms us into *Niobes*, making our Heads Rivers of Waters, and our Eyes Fountains for continual Tears?

2. His Princely Goodneſs to all his People, is evidenced,

First, In the rare Chriſtian Grace of Humility: though he was the fountain of Honour, and advanced above others, ſhining like the Sun in the lower Firmament, bright with Rayes of Glory and Greatneſs; yet he did not ſoar on the wings of Pride and Ambition, either fondly to diſdain the meaneſt of his Subjects, or proudly to lord it over others: nor yet did the Greatneſs of Majeſty make him forget his Parentage or Mortality, or to derive his Pedigree from the Off-ſpring of Death: But this illuſtrious Prince as *the Son of Wiſdom*, and it *is juſtified of her Children*, did know he was caſt of the ſame Mould with thoſe of a lower Species; and though he did ſit as a God, in reſpect of Imperial Authority, yet he muſt die like Man, and reſt alſo in the Bed of Silence, and by neceſſary conſequence not neglect holy and ſerious preparation for it. Thus may we diſcover his Chriſtian Piety by the Virgin-temper of Humility, walking in the Steps of his Bleſſed *Saviour* and *Redeemer*, beholding him from his Cradle at *Bethlehem* to his Croſs at *Jeruſalem* as a mirrour of Humility. And this Pious Prince, as a Noble Imitator of his Lord, followed the Grand Exemplar of the Chriſtian Religion, who bids us learn of him to be *meek and lowly*, therefore he was *cloathed with Humility*, as the Apoſtle ſpeaks, and had it written in the Table of his Royal Heart, *God reſiſteth the proud, but giveth grace to the Humble*, which now is conſummated with

Matt. 11. 29. 1 Pet. 5. 5. Jam. 4. 6.

with Glory; for he wants not the envied Crowns of this World, having exchanged the shadows of an Earthly Kingdom for one Eternal in the Heavens, wearing the Crown of Righteousnes and Perseverance in a better World.

Secondly, His admirable Patience or Long-suffering. In *Long-suffering*, sayes one of the Anicents, the Lord *doth inhabit*. This sublime Spirit indeed possessed the Royal Breast of his late Majesty, which raised him above the ordinary Rank of Mankind in a truly Pious Patience under the greatest Sufferings. His Christian Meekness, Compassionate Kindness, Tender-hearted Charity, and Pious Patience against all injuries, declare him not only one of the greatest Worthies of the English Nation, but the *Best of Kings*, and shews that Religion and Vertue, as Fruit, did grow on this Royal Tree. We may without Sword or Fire become *Martyrs*, if we have Patience in our Hearts. For true Patience carries with it a singular property, that Satan hath not the power to attain so much as a shadow of it, ὃν ἢ τὴ ὀξυχολία ὁ διάβολος, he is always in Impatience; Patience is too beautiful for his deformed Nature and crooked disposition, being a composition of all those lovely Vertues and Graces of the Holy Spirit, to which he is a perfect stranger. To die by a Persecutor, it s *Martyrdom* in open work; but to suffer injuries, and love our hater, it is *Martyrdom* in heart. Let Baptism be your Armour, Faith your Helmet, Love your Spear; but ὑπομονὴ πανοπλία, *Patience Cap-a-pe*, your whole Armour of defence, it is the sweetest Salve to mishap, or desire of revenge, the truest Remedy of Injuries, and the Shield against Wrongs, because, through *Patience in well-doing, we seek for Glory and Honour, Life and Immortality*. It is great Fortitude, if being hurt, to forgive. It is great Glory if thou mightest punish, and yet to Pardon. This was

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one of the Gemms in the Crown of his late Majesty, that he exercised a Soveraignty over all his Subjects with a rejoycing and delightful kind of Patience, which does eternize his Memory, and blazon his Honour to Posterity, even his auspicious and most gentle Government; and Chronicle will free me from the least tincture of flattery, if any think I am beyond the bounds either of Sincerity or Truth. Now if the Prophet *Jeremiah* composed the whole sorrowful structure of his *Lamentations* on the mournful Obsequies of the Good King *Josiah*, shall not the English World weep out Elegies, and condole the Death of the Royal *Charles*, the *light of our Eyes, and breath of our Nostrils*, of whom *we said, under his shadow we shall live among the Heathen.*

Thirdly, His wonderful Beneficence or Christian Charity displays it self,

First. In forgiving his Enemies, when they had forsaken their Allegiance by acts of Rebellion, and his late Majesty could have crush'd them with the Hand of Greatness; yet he made an act of Indemnity or Oblivion the vehicle of his Kindness, which speaks his Kingly Beneficence, that he was a Patron of Goodness and Charity, and gives us occasion to discern how transporting a delight it is to a Noble and Generous Mind, to be an Instrument of good to others. As the bountiful light in the Body of the Sun, illuminates and beautifies all the Orbs, and Heavenly Bodies about it; by the projection of its beams, it begets all the Beauty, Glory, Sweetness, we have here below on the Earth, and it is so communicative of doing good, as it never restrains the free Communication of its Influence and Glory, until it determine by natural and necessary expiration: Even so proportionably his late Majesty, as the Sun, did cherish and enliven Terrestrial Bodies, and folded not up his Rays, but dispensed them freely, so that his Princely Clemency and

Charitable Diſpoſition, like a rich Fountain, did run with large ſtreams of Goodneſs, which renders his Deceaſed Majeſty deſervedly honoured by all his Subjects; for all things that have an affinity with the Heavens, have a communicative Goodneſs, and move upon the Center of another which they benefit; and Man may be, by ſo much, Neighbour to the Gods, by how much he doth good beyond requital: for ſelf is a poor Center of a Mans actions; but to do good to others begets a ſtrong reflection of Majeſty and Honour. O that all thoſe who pretend to greatneſs of Mind would copy out this Munificence, taing all Opportunities ἀγαθοποιεῖν, to do good; for 'tis goodneſs which fits glorioufly Triumphant at the Top of Heaven, and uncharitableneſs lies miſerably grovelling under the bottom of Hell. Heaven deſcends from one as its principal Cauſe, Hell is built on the other as its main Foundation; as the one approximates the Bleſſed Angels to God, and beatifies them; ſo the other removeth the curſed Fiends to ſuch a diſtance from God and Happineſs (ſaith a Reverend Divine) not to wiſh, not to do any good. It is true Nobleneſs, and carrys with it the ſignatures of Majeſty and Greatneſs, Honour and Piety, to be of a large diffuſive Spirit, exerciſing Bounty and Mercy, as holy *Athanaſius* in his Works affirms, that Merciſulneſs is the Queen of Vertues; and his late Majeſty (whoſe Sacred Memory we celebrate) did practiſe this high piece of Chriſtian Perfection, according to the Preſcriptions of our Lord, in forgiving his Enemies: which ſhews that Goodneſs and Charity, as Fruit, did grow on this Royal Tree.

Tom. 2.

Matt. 5. 44.

Secondly, His Kingly Munificence and Liberality, not only to the *Tribe of Levi*, but to all that implored his Royal Favour, diſpenſing of his Treaſures to the ſupply *of the needy*, and putting on *Bowels of Mercy* to thoſe in want and neceſſity, giving *Bread* to the *Hungry*, and *cloathing*

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the naked with a garment: And one Charitable Action (performed in Obedience to the Divine Command) will be more conducive to our Eternal Welfare, than the value of innumerable Worlds. Therefore this Pious Prince was inclined to acts of Beneficence and Compaſſion, who now injoys the happy conſequences thereof; for Bread caſt upon the Waters is *trajectitia pecunia*, Money, for which you take a Bill of Exchange from God, and it meets you in a far Country, no Robbers by Land, no Piracies by Sea, no unfaithfulneſs of Factors, no violence of Tempeſts ſhall take it from you. He *hath diſperſed, he hath given to the poor* (ſaith the Pſalmiſt) *and his righteouſneſs endureth for ever*. And ſo Goodneſs and Charity did ſhine in this Mighty Monarch, like the precious Stones in *Aarons* Breaſt-Plate. There is no felicity now a wanting (to this illuſtrious Monarch) but that of *Virginius Ruffus*, to have another *Tacitus* to write his Funeral Obſequies, thoſe juſt Encomiums and Praiſes due to his rare and ſingular Perfections; for Vertues are Copies drawn for imitation, and left as paths for ſucceeding Ages to tread in: Pſal. 112. 9.

Regis ad Exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

And his late Majeſty being Dead, yet ſpeaks by his Royal Example to all his loving Subjects, in the Language of the Holy Apoſtle, *Be ye followers of me, as I was of Chriſt*, in Faith and Hope, Humility and Meekneſs, Charity and Patience, till you come *ad interiora velaminis*, above the reach of dull Mortality, filling up thoſe ſeats of Bleſſedneſs, and triumphing in the Glories of a *Saviour*. Death, however we figure it with the Pencil of Fancy, yet it does but rend the vail of Mortality, and lets the Soul into the Palace of ineſtimable Majeſty, where we ſhall not only behold *Jeſus* in all his Glory, but receive the utmoſt effects of his mighty Love, and live with him for

ever in Heavenly Places. The quality of the Grave is alter'd since Christ slept there; it was a Prison, now a Chamber of repose. The Prophet *Isaiah*, speaking of the
Isai. 57. 2. Death of the faithful, saith, *They shall enter into peace, they shall rest in their beds*, for Death of a formidable Enemy is made a Friend, and a Blessing in Christ, a passage from the Valley of Tears to the *Kingdom* of Glory. Now who would be afraid to be Happy? Indeed were our Tombs the Everlasting Repositories of our moulded Ashes, and the Grave a sad Closet of Eternal Sleep, a Man had some reason to tremble at the apprehensions of Death; and since the Day cannot arise but through the shadows of the Night, and there is no transition to Heaven and Eternal Life but through the Chambers of a Temporal Death, we should be content to go that way to Glory, that our Saviour went before. Venerable *Job*, under the sad Tragedy of Misery, with a Triumphant kind of Joy,
Job 19. 25, 26, 27. laid up in his Bosome this joyful expectation, *I know my Redeemer liveth, and though Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God.* The same individual Bodies
Joh. 5. 28. that died will be raised, *Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the Grave shall hear*
John 11. 25. *his voice, and come forth.* And the Resurrection of our Bodies is assured by Christs Testimony, the veracity of
Acts 10. 38, 39, 40, 41. Christ is witnessed by his Resurrection, for *Christ is the*
1 Cor. 15. 20. *first-fruits of them that sleep.* As the first Fruits are a sure demonstration and evidence of the near approach and drawing on of the Harvest, so the Resurrection of Christ is a sure ground of hope and comfort for assuring us, that
1 Cor. 15. 14, 15. all those who dye *Christs Disciples*, shall rise to a Blessed Immortality. He shall make us partakers of his Glory, and bring us into those everlasting Habitations, where dwells an undisturbed Peace, where neither Diseases approach the Body, nor Vices have access unto the Mind, where shall be life without fear of Death, and Joys without

out mixture of Sorrow. In the Primitive Times, at Funerals, they were wont to ſing Pſalms of Thankſgiving. The ἐπινίκιον, or Triumphant Song of St *Paul*, *O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory*, bringing them as Champions to the Grave, as thoſe that have paſſed the Pikes, and finiſhed their Courſe, and kept the Faith, and have conquered the World, Sin, and Death. What cauſe is there now of Sorrow or Lamentation? but rather of Joy and Gladneſs: when we conſider Deaths Errand, it is our convoy to Heaven, the dawning of an Eternal Day, and Eve of a Glorious Feſtival, the way wherein we muſt walk to Happineſs. If old *Jacob*, when he ſaw the Chariots come from *Ægypt*, his Heart did leap within him, becauſe he ſhould ſee his Son *Joſeph*: We may imagine what a comfort it will be in the beatifical Viſion, when *Adam* ſhall ſee all his Grand-Children the Sons of *Enos* together; *Abraham* his faithful Seed; *Moſes* his true *Iſraelites*; *Aaron* his Spiritual Poſterity; *John the Baptiſt* ſhall ſee his Penitents; *Peter* his Converts; *Paul* his Followers; the Angels ſhall ſee all their Wards; God all his Sons; Chriſt all his Members. What a glorious appeaing will there be? What a raviſhing Heavenly Quire? What an Anthem ſhall there be glorioufly ſung, when the Gates of Heaven ſhall be as it were ſhut, there being no more to enter, and theſe made welcome by the mutual and ineffable embracements of God and Chriſt. Chriſt now and his Believers, like *Joſeph* and *Benjamin*, falling about each others Necks, not weeping, but ſhouting for Joy. O that this conſideration might have its proper operation in the Hearts and Minds of all, ſo as to fear God and practiſe Religion, that we may obtain a Glorious Reward; for all Ornaments and Excellencies, whether of Art, Nature, or Policy, are but a dead thing, unleſs they be animated and quickned with the power of Religion and fear of God: therefore whether we aim at a Temporal or Spiritual good, Religion is mainly, 1 Cor. 15. 5.

mainly to be magnified. Many Bleſſings belong to the Religious which they enjoy in this Life. The Riches of Grace are poured on them, and the Word of Life is preach'd unto them; their Thoughts are Heavenly, and Hearts the Throne of the Holy Ghoſt; their Tongues talk of the Praiſes of the Almighty, and their Feet ſtand in the Temple of the Lord; their Prayers are like Incenſe, and the lifting up of their Hands as an Evening Sacrifice; Who will not now become Religious? to wear a Crown that never ſhall have an end after Death, to have Angels their Companions, and Saints their Fellows, Heaven their dwelling Place, and Pleaſures of Paradiſe the recompence of their Reward. If ſumptuous and ſtately Buildings do delight, what Habitation is ſo Magnificent and Glorious as the New *Jeruſalem*? If Riches, what ſo Rich as that, whoſe Foundation and Wall are of Precious Stones, and Gates of Orient Pearls? If Honour, what Honour comparable to this, to be Servants of the Moſt High, the Sons of ſo mighty a King, and Heirs of ſo Glorious a Kingdom; where neither the Teeth of Time can conſume, nor Rancor of Envy deprive of Honour, nor Power of Adverſary ſpoil its Glory, being endleſs and Incomprehenſible. There is no ſuch gain as trading to Heaven, to be Merchant Adventurers for Happineſs, all other things are nothing; let this ſo raiſe your apprehenſions as your Lives may be an Argument to prove it: for if we do expect Salvation, Mercy and Glory, at the Hands of the Almighty, we muſt be active in well doing, Obedient to his Laws, Confident in his Promiſes, and Religious in his Service, that ſo being followers of the Bleſſed Saints, who are departed out of this Life in the Faith of Chriſt, directing our Lives after their Good Example, and particularly of this Pious Prince, who has changed the Terreſtrial Paradiſe of all his Kingdoms, to be partaker of a Celeſtial One, which is beyond the

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Power of Empire, and graſps greater things than Authority or Command can compaſs; his Name ſurvives his Life, and is anagram'd in the choiceſt Memories, and ſtands in Renown amongſt the greateſt Worthies that either Pole can boaſt of, being Embalm'd in Honour, and whoſe Actions bloſſom in the Duſt. A voice from Heaven has declared Happineſs to the Righteous, *Becauſe bleſſed are the dead which dye in the Lord*; even ſo *ſaith the Spirit, for they reſt from their labours, and their works follow them.* Revel. 14. 13.

NOW after the dayes of Mourning in *England* for the Death of *Britain's Joſiah*, the Great and Good King *James* the Second hath given us a day of rejoycing in the peaceable Acceſſion to the Imperial Throne of theſe Kingdoms, which hath been long and happily enjoyed by his Royal Anceſtors, and by an unqueſtionable Right and lineal Succeſſion deſcends on his Sacred Majeſty. We have great cauſe to rejoyce, when we conſider our happineſs, that it hath pleaſed the Almighty God to give us for our King a Prince of the ſame Blood, Son of *Charles* the *Martyr*, and Brother to *Charles* the Good and Great: and His Sacred Majeſty has attained the Character of *James the Juſt*, who is not only an Inheritor of the Crowns of his Royal Progenitors in all the Triumphs and Glories of a Coronation, but of their Virtues. And ſince the Blood of the *Martyrs* is the Seed of the Church, it is the happineſs of this Nation that the Seed of that Glorious *Martyr* of happy Memory, is ſtill to reign over us, which turns our Tears into Joy and Exultation of Spirit, praiſing and glorifying God for ſo great a Benefit. We adore the Divine Goodneſs, and acknowledge it a Miracle of Mercy, by which he kept his Sacred Majeſty in Store, a Bleſſing in reſerve for us, who in the depth of our Affliction, hath vouch-

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sased to bring in from [illegible] to life again, by guiding us through the Horror of our Fears into a State of Security and Comfort; by his Princely Word and Promise to follow the Example of our late Dread Sovereign in Clemency and Tenderness to his People. And with equal Gratitude and hearts full of Duty and Allegiance, we pay the Tribute of Thanks to his Sacred Majesty, for his most Indulgent Declaration; that he will take our Lives, Liberties and Religion into his immediate Protection; and the inviolable Steddiness of his Royal Word is that on which we rely with an intire Confidence, for the Support and Enjoyment of our Establisht Religion; a Religion, that has been (as his Majesty graciously observes) and ever will be for the Maintenance of Monarchy. And as our Church is the Rule to us of a pure and unspotted Loyalty, so it is not possible we should lose the one, since his most Illustrious Majesty is so graciously pleas'd to preserve the other. And what can we desire more on this side Heaven, than that we live under his auspicious Reign, safe in our Religion and Properties. What better pledges could we have asked for them, than what we have; his Sacred Word, which hath made us intirely secure; and hath left us nothing now to wish or pray for, save only that it would please Almighty God by a merciful and over-ruling Providence to defeat the Malice, and to frustrate and disappoint all the Conspiracies of his Enemies. And we humbly beseech the Great God, the King of Kings, to preserve his Sacred Majesty in Health and Happiness, to prosper all his Affairs at home and abroad, and make all his Subjects truly Loyal and Obedient, and establish his Royal Throne many and many Years, that he may long and happily Reign over us to the utmost period of Humane Nature; and when the Crown shall slide from his Sacred Temples, be at last translated to an Eternal Throne of Glory. *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.